



A Hebrew Dirge. Chanted in the Great Synagogue at St. James' Place,
Aldgate, on the day of the funeral of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte
By Hyman Hurwitz, master of the Hebrew Academy, Highgate.
With a translation in English verse by S.T. Coleridge. 1817.

FIRST EDITION





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קינה ישرون.

A Hebrew Dirge.

Race

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1817

קינה ישرون.

A Hebrew Dirge,

Chaunted in the Great Synagogue,

ST. JAMES'S PLACE, ALDGATE,

ON THE

Day of the Funeral of her Royal Highness

THE

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

BY HYMAN HURWITZ,

MASTER OF THE HEBREW ACADEMY,

HIGHGATE:

WITH A TRANSLATION IN

ENGLISH VERSE, BY S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.

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H. BARNETT, HEBREW BOOKSELLER, 2, ST. JAMES'S
PLACE, ALDGATE.

1817.

קינות ישרון

אלְיִשְׁרָוֹן וּבְנֵיהֶן
כִּמוֹ אֲשֶׁר בְּחַבְלִיהֶן
וּבְתִּילָה, חַנוּרָת-שָׁק
עַלְיִבְּעֵל נְעוּרִיהֶן.

אלְיַ וּבְנָוָה

עַלְיִגְבִּירָה, אֲשֶׁר נְפִטְרָה
בְּעֹרָה בְּנְעוּרִיהֶן.—
וְעַלְבּוֹדָה, אֲשֶׁר גְּלִקָתָה,
וְהַרְבָּה מְכַאֲבִיהֶן.

אלְיַ וּבְנָוָה

ISRAEL'S LAMENT.

MOURN, Israel! Sons of Israel, mourn!

**Give utt'rance to the inward throe!
As wails, of her first Love forlorn,
The Virgin clad in robes of woe.**

Mourn the young Mother, snatch'd away

From Light and Life's ascending Sun!

Mourn for the Babe, Death's voiceless prey,

Earn'd by long pangs and lost 'ere won.

עַלְיָ שׁוֹשֶׁנָּה, אֲשֶׁר נִקְטָבָה
 בְּطֶרֶם צָאת פֶּרְחִידָה!
 וְעַל הַצִּיז, אֲשֶׁר קָצִיז,
 וְשַׁת מַעַת בְּקָרְבִּידָה.

אלֵי וּבָז'

עַלְיָ עַלְטָה, אֲשֶׁר עַטָּה
 פְּנֵי תְּבָל וַיְשַׁבֵּידָה;
 בְּמֹת פְּרִינְצָעָס שָׁאַרְלְטָה,
 בְּטֶרֶם מְלָאת יְמִידָה.

אלֵי וּבָז'

עַלְיָ שָׂרָה מַאֲשָׂרָה,
 אֲשֶׁר עֲזָה עַפְרִידָה;
 לְהַתְעַבֵּן בְּגַזְעַבֵּן,
 וְלְאַבּוֹל פְּרִי דָּרְכִּידָה.

אלֵי וּבָז'

Mourn the bright Rose, that bloom'd and
went,

'Ere half disclos'd its vernal hue!

Mourn the green Bud, so rudely rent,
It brake the stem on which it grew.

Mourn for the universal Woe

With solemn dirge and fault'ring tongue:
For England's Lady is laid low,
So dear, so lovely, and so young!

The Blossoms on her Tree of Life

Shone with the dews of recent Bliss:
Transplanted in that deadly strife,
She plucks its fruits in Paradise.

עלִי הַשָּׁד, אֲשֶׁר שָׁד
 פְּאֵר לְעַפְאֵלֵד אַדְנִיחַ!
 אֲשֶׁר בְּמַר נֶפֶשׁוֹ, יְמַאֵּן
 לְהַתְנִיחַם עַלְיָה.

אלִי וּכ"ו

עַלְיָ שָׁבֵר, אֲשֶׁר שָׁבֵר
 לְבֵב נֶסֶיךְ! וְהַזְּרִיחַ!
 בְּחַטְפוֹ הַחַבְצָלָת,—
 וַיָּשֶׂם חֹות מְחַתִּיחַ.—

אלִי וּכ"ו

חַבֵּי רַגְעָ!—וַיְשֹׁור נַגְעָ!—
 אֲשֶׁר פְּשָׁה בְּבֵית אַבִּיהָ!
 לְשִׁמְמָה שֶׁם אָתְּ גַּפְנוֹ,—
 וְהַשְׁחִית שְׁרִינִיחַ.—

אלִי וּכ"ו

Mourn for the widow'd Lord in chief,
Who wails and will not solaced be!
Mourn for the childless Father's grief,
The wedded Lover's Agony !

Mourn for the Prince, who rose at Morn
To seek and bless the firstling Bud
Of his own Rose, and found the Thorn,
Its point bedew'd with tears of blood.

O press again that murmuring string !
Again bewail that princely Sire !
A destin'd Queen, a future King
He mourns on one funereal pyre.

עלִי צְרוֹת, וַרְזָב מְחֻלָּת
 בְּרֵטָאָנִיא וּבְנוֹתֶיהָ;
 אֲשֶׁר אֶבֶדֶה מְחֻמָּה,
 בְּלִיל יְפִיה,—וַיְשִׁרְיוֹחַ.—
 אֱלֵי וּכְיוֹ

בְּכָל נְשָׁנָה, נְשָׁא קִינָה,
 וּבְלִב דִּי, גָּצַעַן הוֹי,
 עַלִי שְׁוֹשָׁנָה, אֲשֶׁר נְקַטְּפָה
 בְּטַרְם צָאת פְּרַחִית.—

וְאֵה יִמְהָ, יָמִים יִמְמָה,
 בְּרוּתָץ צָר, וּמְסֻפָּד מָר,
 עַל הַצִּיז, אֲשֶׁר הַצִּיז,
 וְשַׂת מָות בְּקַרְבָּיהָ.

Mourn for Britannia's hopes decay'd,
Her Daughters wail their dear Defence;
Their fair Example, prostrate lay'd,
Chaste LOVE and fervid INNOCENCE.

While Grief in song shall seek repose,
We will take up a Mourning yearly:
To wail the Blow that crush'd the Rose
So dearly priz'd and lov'd so dearly.

Long as the Fount of Song o'erflows,
Will I the yearly dirge renew:
Mourn for the firstling of the Rose,
That snapt the stem on which it grew.

בָּמוֹת רְשָׁעִים, יַאֲבֹד נְשָׁמָם:
 וְאַתָּ צְבִיה! תְּהִי תְּרוּתָה
 בְּלֵב יִשְׂרָאֵל: וּבְשָׁעָרִים
 יְהִלְלוּ תֶּם מְעָשֶׁיה.

רְאֵה אֱלֹי! יְגּוֹן עַמִּי,
 וַרְפָּא נָא תְּהִלָּאֵיכָה:
 עֹזֶנה סְלָחָה, מְנַחָּם שְׁלָחָה,
 אֱלֹי יְשֻׁרוֹן וּבְנִיכָה.

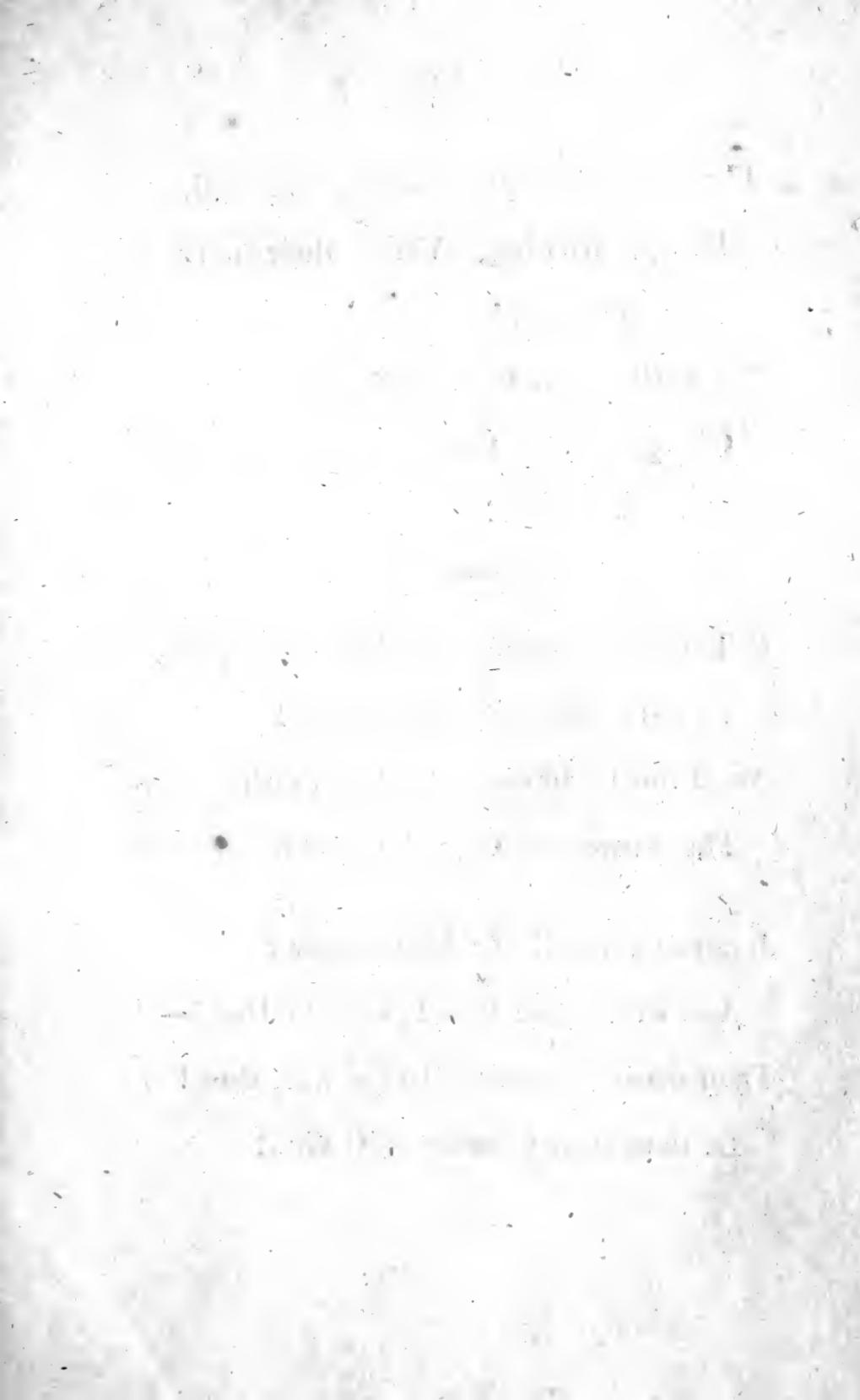
חַרְגֵךְ אֵל! מֵאַד הַאֲבִיל
 בְּרִיטָנִיא וּשְׂרִירָה.
 תְּחִנָּה שְׁמָע, וְתַנוּ יְשֻׁעָה
 לְמִלְבָה, וְלִישְׁבָה.

The proud shall pass, forgot; the chill,
Damp, trickling Vault their only
mourner!

Not so the regal Rose, that still
Clung to the Breast which first had
worn her!

O Thou, who mark'st the Mourner's path,
To sad Jeshurun's Sons attend!
Amid the Lightnings of thy Wrath
The showers of Consolation send!

Jehovah frowns! the Islands bow!
And Prince and People kiss the Rod!—
Their dread chastising Judge wert thou!
Be thou their Comforter, O God!





Rare. The only copy at auction since 1930
lacked the half-title.

23
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The
Henry
and
Hannah
Hofheimer
Collection

